MRS. ASTOR IS THE MYSTICAL MATRON OF THE 400. SCIENTIFIC TRAINING OF CATS.

She Came to New York With the Halo of Old Philadelphia About Her and Society Is Now Whispering of Her Good Fortune. =



whom one can well say pleasant things.

A wonderful country place.

A mother-in-law.

Family and breeding.

The has also a son. Vincent, a boy of 10 thereabouts. And it is about this boy and the fact that he is the only heir to the vast Aster millions that society is gossiping Now they whisper other things. But what a gossip Dame Rumor is. But how delightful it would be were it all true.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has been called the mystical matron of the \$00. That she

is such no one will deny.

She came to Gotham with the halo of old Philadelphia about her. Gothamites do not like Philadelphia peo-

They do not like Boston people. They do not like Chleago people.

They do not like Californians. Tell a Gotham woman this and she will laugh. "We like them only too well," she will tell you, "for they are charming. The trouble is that they are entirely too captivating. They carry off our sons and marry them, while our Gotham girls go begging for bushands."

Straightway Began the Management of Her Possessions.

Young Mrs. Astor came to New York, a tall slender young woman with a man so pretty that she got the credit for being a beauty. If she is not a beauty you do not

realize her shortcomings. She carried her head high. She wore tailor-made gowns.

She lunched with her husband at fashlon-

able restaurants. She walked a little, drove a little, coached somewhat, ynchied part of the year and

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

town maision facing Central Park.

She furnished the Newport house until it was quite the ideal summar spot; meanwas quite the ideal summar spot; meanstudies. She was not above a little evening. If Mrs. Jack heard them she said noth-

dress ball.

· by the hundred.

Many Daughters, but

Only One Son.

♦ She does not import her gowns ♦

Her fortune is for her family, and she

She does not own a private thea- .

been taught to perform marvelous tricks. More than this, the education of the feline skill the scientist, the scientist.

The cats were put through their paces.

The cats were put through their paces. More than this, the education of cats has

in size, while the organ of self-esteem is noticeably devioped.

Parenological examinations of a number of highly trained animals show just how the various faculties of cats intellect are increased by the training which hitherto. the various faculties of cats intellect are over twenty ice may be increased by the training, which hitherto in the fact of the increased by the training, which hitherto is tant, sprang into a life net that was held in the teath of a half a score of dogsways held that cats are stupid, and that it is impossible to teach them anything. ways held that cats are stupid, and that it is impossible to teach them anything. In actentific works relating to mammals very little space is devoted to this domestic animal, while pages are given to the think-ing apparatus of dogs and monkeys.

But the perseverance and patience of Joseph Goleman, an animal trainer, has re-suited in the discovery of the natural apti-tudes of cats and of the best means of stimulating their ideas and of isseling them on to do better things than a warm spot near the stova.

Defying the expert opinion of Professor Halbmann of Heidelberg, who declared that cats are incapable of learning anything, from human masters, he has entightened a half dozen sedate felines, all of whom he calls "Mimi," regardless of mex. Geleman's cats, selected when very young. were put through a course of training that has lasted in some cases for years, have brains that are developed far beyond the normal. To speak of them as abnormal is incorrect, but through active use of the natural talent these cats are able to think natural talent these cuts are able to think more clearly and recellect more distinctly then the ordinary animal.

Among those who witnessed a recent performance of Goleman's cats in the East assured that it is laughing at and enjoy-was the noted phrenclogist, Doctor John La Capon of Philadelphia. His first view of their tricks awakened a lively desire to ing are abnormally developed in these ansee them a second time, and, after careful- imala.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Science, so far as it relates to cats, has been set at naught—the domestic pet has been taught to perform marvelous tricks.

Goleman, the trainer, readily acquiesced forcesting. in this request, and a very interesting seance was held privately for the benefit of

the eyes in the forward part of the brain, grow to unusual size through education.

The bumps of memory and locality, which are well in front of the head, size increases

Domestica, or the common house cat," said Doctor Capen.

"Intellectual development is the result of meeting and overcoming difficulties. The necessity of thinking how to provide food, avoid danger and secure warmth makes the

mal living than the cat, and in order to educate these specimens it was necessary to appeal to those passions. Is it not so?" "Yes," replied Goleman, "only kind words and gentieness will teach a cat anything. With dogs it is different. There you must have discipline, or the dog will do what he wants and not what you want. A touch of

member what Montaigne said about this subject? He remarks in one of his essays: 'When you are having a romp with a cat and are laughing at its funny capers, rest assured that it is laughing at and enjoy-

of red called wherewith to embelish his your to smoke an watch my execcutioners squaws, goes equanderin' back to his people permented to the toes with friendly in-

canyon of the Southwest is as safe as a song! church to the moccasins of the paleface. "'As Thus it continues entil thar comes a evenin' through me a score of times; but I stands when a finctow marshal with more six shooters than hoss sense allows he'll apprehend Cochise's brother for some venal of the picked up later with anything so onfashionable as a lance wormed in my in the category of two crime. This ediot offichul reaches for the relative of Cochise; as the latter—bein' a savage an' tharfere plumb afraid of captivity—leaps back; and like he's met up with a rattlesnake, to within a rod of me an haits. His arm is keeping it well together.
Some day the boy will get it all, the boy Vincent, the little tail, slender, pale lad who has never been too strong.

That Vincent is in good health there is no death, but he is not ruidy; and where was there ever a mother who did not worry, about the child that could not show a pair

There is a story told by an intimate of the elder Mrs. Astor, the grand old leader of sociaty, that she has longed and prayed for another grandchild. Of daughters whe has many and of their children that the day of peace has ended and the has enough.

There is a story told by an intimate of the elder Mrs. Astor, the grand old leader of sociaty, that she has longed and prayed for another grandchild. Of daughters whe has many and of their children that the day of peace has ended and the sun gone down to rise on a mornin' of trouble. All the day of peace has ended and the surfices are surface, skin with carrives, he turns the lance, over his arm and with the butt presented, surrenders it into my hand. You can gamble I don't loss no But of raise she has only one-her dear.

The first the fathershade sain with the first shad, you can gamble I don't lose no counters them. John Jacob.

And of children he has but one. Vincent.

And of children he has but one. Vincent.

And beyond Vincent there is none of the moment the war jig which is to last for the weepon to a "Right Shoulder" an' with formed into a matron with millions. She took stock of her possessions and straight-book of her possessions a somewhat, yachied part of the year and took in the horse and flower shows as they took in the horse and flower shows as they came along. She did nothing too much. And cid Gothamite matrons who did Gothamite matrons who were watching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family had took her place in New York satching her for family of the millionalite," whispers society, so found that it had no elecator. She family of the millionalite, "May be for a man of millions took him to St. Moritz for the climate for the was unhappy. If the were rumors that she was unhappy. If the was quite the fideal summer spot; mean-level them she said nothing. "May be for consequent within off at a round ten thouse was quite to fixed and apparatuent so of musch carried and them she said nothing. "May be for consequent within off at a round ten thouse was quite took her place in New York satched in the she was unhappy. If the of consequent within off at a round ten thouse was quite declaration. The family of the millions and some up-town apartment so of musch carried with name and fame and the family of the millions and some up-town apartment so of musch carried with name and fame and the family of the millions and some up-town apartment so of musch was squite designation. Shore, that is some up-town apartment so of musch was quite designation. The family of the millions are stably and some up-town apartment so of musch was squite of the millions and stable and them she said nothing to consequent with them she said nothing to consequent with them she said nothing to consequent with them she as the family of the millions and stable was squite of the fort in the family of the millions and stable was squite of the fort in the family of the mill

> "With what we know of the erocelties of lance, an thurupon they pays me their say-the Apaches, that a like was sperit for what book energe case chivelry goes with 'em, scribed. They don't regyard themse's as an' albeit on one have hing occasion I surrenderin', neither; they esteems passin' prouts in girily tharry. I'm smable to give me the lance as inauguratin' a armstice an' it a reason. You wouldn't track up on any looks on themse's as guests an' onder my safegyard, free to say "How!" an' vamos you all can but town a stack on that.

> Gon'ral, reaching for the canteen, an' I breasts. I saveys enough of their ways to starts forth from Fort Apache on a expedition to pay off the hear-by troops. I've got bein', I hope, a gent of honor, I accedes to say mageons an' a secont of twenty men. For 'em that exact status which they believes aspec's, at the far of the procession, I they enjoys, yourneys probably in a ambiliance. Our first camp is not to be on top of the mesa out with me that evenin' when we make our a manuful of mass from the fort.

> a heap of cannon an not struggle or go loads up with chuck in the mornin', offers running in about permacus, for the mount me no end of flattery as a dead game gent tains is sure with hustics. It's five for when they respect, says adols, an then that a frownin' count of 'em is hangin' they scatters like a flock of quali. Also, in our damas from the mement we breaks havin' rescomed business on old-time lines, hato the roothilla. No, they'd be afoot; the they takes divers shots at us with their Apaches and a mass-back injuns an' only Winchesters doorin' the next two days, an' fond of siccus as food. He never rides on kills a hoss an' creases my sergeant. Why a corral full of ponies if you'l, furnish 'em, don't I corral an' hold 'em captive when an' lick one, a apache don't, but he'll camp they're in my clutch? It would have been down an' eat up his lips in thankfulness by alch' that tack trooce as Injuns an' I thanfore, but ben' also, won't ninder 'em understands sech things; moreover, they let from everyth up with the caravan, for in me go free without conditions when I was a the mountains the mow is to the wagon loser by every rook of the game." some and that we can do is wagge along | Corright, 1802, by R. H. Russell, the troil like a Burt snake at a gait which Number title is proposed.

'me're been pomini on our windin', uphill way for mighty likely haif a day, and Prom drought of fountains crystalline, I'm beginning so won sow is our progress Or weariners of too much wine, to despute of gettin' out on top of the paint on the gen rat trouble, the lead wagon breaks down. I turns out in the in the rest, an' we-all puts in a heated and manify protate helf-your restorm the wagon to near.h. At last we're onder head-Way ag in, an' I wants back through the snow to my amb'sance.

" 'As I arrives at the r'ar of my offishul wagon, it occurs to me I'll fill a pipe an' smoke some by virchoo of my nerves, the same bein' a trille torn and frayed with the many exasperations of the day, I gives my driver the word to wait a bit, an' scarcoin' forth my tobacco outnit, loads an' lights my pipe. I'm planted waist deep in the mountain shows, but havin' on hoseman boots, the snow ain't no hardship.

Winne I'm fussin' with my pipe, the six wagons in' my twenty men curves 'round a bend in the trail, an' is hid by a corner of the canyon, I reflects at the God of good tuck, deliver us time-though I am't really expected 'no Prote less of beauty, and old age. peris-that I'd better catch up with my es- And time cort, if it's only to set the troops a exam- God pic. As I exhales my first pull of smoke an is on the verge of tellin my driver to pull aut-this yere mule skinner is settin' so And callers that annoy and hore, that matters to the far is cut off from -makes Cochise a talk. Likewise, he p'ints his gaze by the canvas cover of my wagon -a slight roise attracks me, an' cashi my eye assing the trail we've been climbin', I

goin' to bother him a bit. But no'th'ard "In the lead, an' for all the deep snow, it's different; than in that sacred region racin' up on me like the wind, is a big, be-Cattle killin' an' skelp collectin' don't go. feathered buck, painted to the ayes; an' or The Grey Fox shoves the information on his right fist, raised to hurl it, is a 12-feet his right fist, raised to hurl it, is a 11-foot Cochise that every trick turned on the lance. In a moment I realizes how he pleas, American side of the line has done got unter, I be, an' with what ca'mness I may, to partake of the characteristics of a love adjusts my mind to the fact that I've

Apaches like a coyote on a sage hen an' make 'em powerful hard to find.

"'Cochine smokes an' smokes, an' after coliderin' the hinf of the Grey Fox plenty profound, allows he won't call it. Than shall be peace between the Apaches an' the paleface to the north and of that line. Then the Grey Fox an' Cochine shakes hands an' mays 'How' an' Cochine shakes hands an' says 'How' an' Cochine shakes hands an' says 'How' an' cochine, with a bolt or two of red callon wherewith to embellish her of red callon wherewith the manual properties and the magning that the wagon, outen immediate reach; thar line stands, a certain a prey to that Apache with the lance as he's likely to go up ag'inst doorin the whole campaign. Why, I'm a pick-up, I remembers my wife an' bables, an' sort o' says "Good-by!" to 'em. However, since it's all I can do, I conting the conting that the lance as he's likely to go up ag'inst doorin the whole campaign. Why, I'm a pick-up, I remembers my wife an' bables, an' sort o' says "Good-by!" to 'em. However, since it's all I can do, I conting the conting the conting that the lance as he's likely to go up ag'inst doorin the whole campaign. Why, I'm a pick-up, I remembers my wife an' bables, an' sort o' says "Good-by!" to 'em. However, since it's all I can do, I conting the conting th

come on.
"The big lance Injun, it looks like, is the tentions.

"Such is Cochise's reverence for his word, coupled with his fear of the Grey Fox, that years floats by an' every defile an' from p'int to butt. It fairly sings a death

"'As I gazes, I can feel it go through an'

the marshal puts his gon on him an plags him so good he cushes in right than. The marshal says later, in explanation of his pame, that Cochise's brother turns hostile an' drops his hand on his knife. Most likely he does; a gent's hands—even a Apache's
-has done got to be some'ers all the time.
"'But the killin' everturns the peaceful an' that paint-daubed buck! I can't say programmes built up between the Grey Fox whatever is his notion of me, but on my an Cachise. When the old chief hears of his side I never beholds a savage who appeals

were they? Felks engnowip who's got shot he'pless—so plumb brave, awaitin' destruchito while romancin along among the hills tion without a quiver, their admiration with schemes, no doubt, of settlement in mounts to sech heights it drowns within 'em every thought of cancelin' me with that and can but it with a stack on that. back to the warpath ag'in whenever the lies when I'm paymenter, says the sperit of blood begins to stir within their

camp, has a drink with me all 'round, sings' The word goes along the inne to observe savage hymne to me throughout the night,

A Society Litany. O god of wine, deliver us,

From less of the almighty gold Than what we have and hope to hold, O god of gold, deliver us. From love in any heart secure.

And marriages that shall endure, O god of love, deliver us. From staleness of the hard-worked heart, Ennul of fashion and of art. From little tales that travel long-

O god of art, deliver us. The gossip guess and scandal song-O god of spite, deliver us. From change of doing what we please To hours of toll and lack of ease,

O god of ease, deliver us. From sudden poverty and shock-Of shrinkage in the market stock-God of good tuck, deliver us.

time to turn another page, God of the fair, deliver us,

From parasites that crowd our door, God of them all, deliver us.

And cabuls of our outside foes,

Oh, do deliver us-amen. Till I Was Blind. I could not see till I was blind Then color, music, light,

And noonday was at night. I could not feel till I was dead, Then through the mold and wet. A rose breathed softly overhead,

Came floating down on every wind,

-Country Life in America.

with comparatively little fortune, trans- | was a great honor; to be aummoned to her grown to recognize her as not only its WITH THE APACHE'S COMPLIMENTS THE OLD CATTLEMAN'S LATEST INDIAN Y LATEST INDIAN YARN.



"IN THE LEAD, AN' FOR ALL THE DEEP SNOW, RACIN' UP ON ME LIKE THE WIND, IS A BIG, BEFEATHERED BUCK, PAINTED TO THE EYES." Jeffords to bring Cochise to him to have a

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. "Ondoubted," observed the Old Cattle- time talks, "ondoubted, the ways an' the motives of Injuns is past the white man's findin' out. He's shore a mystery, the Injun is, an' where the paleface is forever failin' of his s'lution is that the latter ropes at this yere problem in copper color

same bein' happily killed off prior to my Western Injuna as I remarks, man, during one of our long excursive lays the bee, the wild turkey an' that weed they calls the 'plantain' at the white man's hand in hand. No, the Injun don't call the last named veg'tables a 'plantain'; he al-loodes to it as 'the white man's foot.'

"Thar's traits dominant among Injuns which it wouldn't lower the standin' from the standp'int of the Caucasian. Can a dog onderstand a woif? Which I should remark not.

"It's a heap likely, too, that with Injuns the white man in his turn is just as difficult to solve. An' without the Injun finding onesual fault with 'em than's a triangle of things whereof the savage accooses the paleface. The Western Injuns at least—for white man if he ups an' imitates & whole

profound impression. But I bars pie, an' what makes me say that be traits postells him to suggest the biggest thing he sessed of Injuns, personal, which a Jule-strikes not on bill of fare. Tharupon, aban-face might improve himse'f by copyin'. donin' menoos an' wonders of the table. clooded-ought to get the nom'nation.
" "The choo-choo-boat," observes this intelligent savage, 'is the paleface's big medi-

cine.'
"'You'll have a list of marvels.' I mays,

"Bein' white, myself, I'm shore born with he roominates a moment, an' then declar's notions ag'in Injuns. I learns of their dec-that the steamboat—now that pie is +x- struction with relief, an' never sees one pirootin' about, full of life an' vivacity, but the spectacle fills me with vain regrets. All the same, that's a load of lies told East about the Injun I was wont from time to time to discuss these sons of

> is stationed about in Arizona, an'-merely for the love he b'ars to fightin'-performs as chief of scouts for Gen'ral Crook. "'Our divers wars with the Apaches,' says Gen'ral Stanton, 'comes more as the frootes of a misdeal by a locoed marshal

herds him with soft words an' hig promises into the presence of Crook. The Grey Fox-which was the Injun name for Crock out to the chief the landmarks an' mountain peaks that indicates the Mexican line. An' the Grey Fox explains to Cochise that what carrie is killed an' what skelps is took to the south'ard of the line sin't goin' to bother him a bit. But no'th'ard "In the lead, an' for all the deep snow, nacher with Gen'ral Stanton, who for years onusual fault with 'em thar's a triangle of things whereo' the savage accoses the paleface. The Western Injuns at least—for paleface. The Western Savages, the I in this travels goes ag'inst. At first he allows that posted none on Eastern savages, the lows that pie that-away makes the most

pow-wow. Jeffords rounds up Cochise an'